

# Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume 105.

## Poetry.

For the Mercury.

## AFTER SADNESS.

By W. E. D.

An echo oft from Sorrow's hill  
Is borne to us through memory's vale;  
And neither present joy, nor ill,  
Can drown its low and mournful wail.  
The echo of some darksome hour,  
That swooped upon our rugged way,  
That cast us down with cruel power,  
And gnawed our spirit where we lay.  
Pierce was the strife, but fiercer far,  
This foreshadow dream—now all is o'er;  
The wailing sound that follows war,  
Is harsher than the common rose.

Love's parting note sounds sad and drear;  
When wafted o'er Time's heaving wave;  
And sad the tears that sought its bier,  
But sadder those that wet its grave.  
Hope's fairy bud ne'er reached its bloom;  
We saw Death kiss its smiling face;  
Yet cover up that moulderling tomb,  
And give us back its last embrace.  
Around you wrek the billows roar,  
You floating form the tide relate;  
Yet we who reached the desert shore  
Searce made a happier, gladder fate.

## TEMPLES NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

'Tis not in temple made with hands  
The great Creator dwells;  
But on the mountain top he stands,  
And in the lonely dell's;

Wherever fervent prayer is heard,  
He stands recording every word;

He never fails to answer prayer.

...in the poor man's lowly stall,  
And in the rich man's lordly hall.

The great Creator dwells;

Where two or three are joined in prayer,

His audience hall, his house is there;

Wherever prays the child of grace

Is his peculiar resting place.

Think you that temples built of stone,

And blessed by priestly hand,

Are more peculiarly his own,

More reverence demand?

Go to thy closet; shut the door,

And all thy mercies ponder o'er;

Thine a-l-pervading God is there,

He loves to answer secret prayer.

The temple thy Creator owns,

That temple is the heart;

No towering pile of costly stones,

Nor any work of art.

The cloud-capped spire that mounts on high,

May draw the lightning from the sky;

Put 'tis the humble, modest flower,

That drinks in the refreshing shower;

And in return for favors given,

It breathes its fragrance back to Heaven.

## Useful Hints.

TO CLEAN WHITE VEILS.—Put the veil in a solution of white soap, and let it simmer a quarter of an hour; squeeze it in some warm water and soap till quite clean. Rinse it from soap, and then in clean cold water, in which is a drop of liquid blue; then pour boiling water on a teaspoonful of boiling starch, run the veil through this, and clear it well by clapping it—Afterwards pin it out, keeping the edges straight and even.

ROAST GOOSE.—When a goose is well picked, singed and cleaned, make the stuffing with about two ounces of onion (if you think the flavor of raw onions too strong, cut them in slices, and lay them in cold water for a couple of hours, or add as much apple or potato as you have of onion), and half as much sage; chop them very fine, adding four ounces, i. e., about a large breakfast-cup, full of stale bread crumbs, a bit of butter about as big as a walnut, and very little pepper and salt (to this some cooks add half a cupful of stuffing), then stuff the bird, and tie the legs together, stuff the goose; do not quite fill it, but leave a little room for the stuffing to swell. Spit it, tie it on the spit at both ends, to prevent it's swinging round, and to prevent the stuffing from coming out. From an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters will roast a fine full-grown goose. Send up gravy and sauce with it.

TO PICKLE GHERKINS.—Put about two hundred and fifty in a pickle of two pounds, and let them remain in it three hours. Put them in a sieve to drain, wipe them, and place them in a jar. For a pickle—best vinegar one gallon, common salt six ounces, allspice half an ounce, mustard seed one ounce, cloves half an ounce, mace half an ounce, one nutmeg sliced, stick of horseradish sliced, boil fifteen minutes and skim well. When cold pour it over them, and let stand twenty-four hours, covered up; put them into a pan over the fire and let them simmer until they attain a green color. Tie the jars down closely with bladder and leather.

MILK LEMONADE.—Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar in one pint of boiling water, and mix with them one gill of lemon juice, and a gill of sherry, then add three gills of cold milk. Stir the whole well together, and strain it.

GROUND GLASS.—The frosted appearance of ground glass may be very neatly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a piece of party, stuck on the ends of the fingers. When applied with a light and even touch, the resemblance is considerable.

TO PREVENT MICE TAKING PEAS.—Previous to the peas being sown, they should be well saturated with a solution of bitter aloes; or, they may be saturated with salad oil, and then rolled in some powder'd resin previous to sowing, and the mice will not touch them.

STRONG DISPLAYING OF JEWELRY.—Nothing looks more effeminate,

## Selected Tale.

## THE DEAD SOLDIER'S DREAM.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

It was nearing the gray dawn  
Along the dim aisles of the hospital a few nurses moved, ministering to the wants of those who were most in need of care and sympathy. Now and then a faint moan broke the silence—or a sufferer tossed uneasily, and begged some favor of the nurse. One of the latter stopped before the little cot of John Morris, and threw the net back. John was a frank, noble-faced, cheerful-hearted young soldier—only twenty-three. He had borne his sufferings like a man. When he first entered the hospital, he was quite merry over his misfortune—a shattered leg. The doctors, he said, thought it wasn't as serious a case as it might be, and as long as he could keep his leg, why, he was willing to be laid up awhile. Still it was hard not to be able to go with the boys. Poor John Morris, he had a cheerful word for everybody, a smile as bright as the sunshine. Day after day he appeared to be getting better, and everybody who knew him was pleased to hear good news of John Morris.

Suddenly, however, there came a serious change. The surgeon began to knit their brows over poor John—to talk together in low voices, and finally decided that John's leg must be amputated.

Poor fellow! he heard their decision with a sigh, and begged for a little longer delay, but the case admitted of none. It was death or amputation, and the operation was performed. For days after he seemed to rally. Now and then there was hope, that all would be well—and never man struggled harder for life than he. So much to live for, so young, so full of energy and habitation. It was very hard to think of death.

On this gray morning, as I said before, the nurse threw back the net from John Morris. Poor fellow! he heard their decision with a sigh, and begged for a little longer delay, but the case admitted of none. It was death or amputation, and the operation was performed. For days after he seemed to rally. Now and then there was hope, that all would be well—and never man struggled harder for life than he. So much to live for, so young, so full of energy and habitation. It was very hard to think of death.

On this gray morning, as I said before, the nurse threw back the net from John Morris.

"Well, John, how do you feel now?" he asked.

"I am going, Tom, very fast," whispered the soldier, and his lips quivered like that of a babe, he was so weak.

"Oh, I hope not, John."

"Yes, it is so," was the quiet reply.—Please give me the picture under my pillow."

It was found and opened for him—the face of a gentle girl smiled in his. Tears rushed to his eyes, and he sobbed—it's very hard, very hard;" but presently conquered himself. By this time two or three of the nurses had gathered about him.—They saw by the sunken temples, the glazing eyes, that his hour had indeed come. As he bade them all farewell, the sun first broke through the clouds of the morning.

"I wish I could stay," he murmured, as he saw the glory of its brightness on the pleasant walls, "but I suppose it's for the best. I try to be resigned. Boys, I should like what little belongs to me, in money and clothes, to be sent to my mother—She's a poor widow, God help her. After I am gone, you can take the ring off my little finger, do it up with the picture there, and send it to Katy Fields, Hoboken, New York. Put down the name, for fear you might forget."

It was done.

"Now, boys, good-bye, one and all. I'm going where there are no battle fields and no hospitals. Tell the fellows in my company, if you ever see any of them, to stick to their colors and never show the white feather. Tell them to be good boys and honor God; that they may lie where I do, and then they will regret all their wasted time and wicked conduct. Good-bye."

His faltering tongue refused to say more. It began to be noised though the hospital that John Morris was dying. The sick men had all learned to love him. Two or three zouaves, members of his company, listened to his farewell, crying like little children. They pressed forward to hear one parting word, to get one last pressure of the hand, but the chill of death was too heavily upon him. He could not rally nor, if it were doubled. The little money he had saved, two hundred dollars, should be put without reserve into his hands, and by her talents she would assist him. But if he should never come back! the thought took away her strength. Arrived at her boarding house, little Lucy, one of her scholars, took her hand, but said no word. Her face was mournful, yet beseeching.—Whoever met her, she thought, seemed anxious to avoid her, and sorrow marked every face. She hurried to her room, laboring under a vague presentiment of coming evil. A little package laid upon the table she had left empty. Her heart stopped—all color fled her cheeks, she sank down almost fainting—not for a sad hour did she dare to face the evil she knew was in store for her.

At last, on her knees, praying God for strength, she cut the strings of the little package. God answered her prayer. He strengthened her, else how could she have lifted that precious ring, or unclosed that miniature-case to behold one lock of curly brown hair. Oh yes, God strengthened her, even though as she arose she staggered. Gone—ever then under the noble, beautiful, generous John Morris.—

Never more to laugh, with his bright hazel eye looking into hers—never more to be the leader in all merry sports—never more to bless the heart of his fond, doting mother, who had now no earthly stay or comfort.

It was growing dark. Kate took the miniature—the ring she put on her finger, and white and trembling, she set out for the widow's house, speaking to nobody on

the way. She walked straight into the next little sitting-room, where the unconscious clock was ticking the hours with monotonous voice. She went up to the widow sitting in the arm-chair, the Bible on her lap—fell on her knees with one great cry—"Mother, I have come to stay with you always," and bending her head upon the Bible sobbed as if her heart was broken. To her astonishment the widow comprehended it all and was calm.

"Child, I knew it," she said, in a broken voice—"the Lord told me, even as I read his holy word. God help us two poor women."

"He will, Kate, he will."

For days thereafter the aged mother was prostrate, but gradually she came out of the great sorrow, and began to set her house in order. John Morris's ring is on the third finger of Kate Fields. As long as it stays there, no man can marry her. The widow is her charge.

*The Chimney Corner.*—The old chimney corner! It is endeared to the heart from the earliest recollections. What dreams have been dreamed there! What stories told! what bright hours passed! It was a place to think in, a place to weep in, to laugh in, and much the cosiest place in the house to rest in. It was there where dear old grandma used to sit by her knitting, warming her poor old rheumatic back again the warm wall; where grandpa used to fall asleep over his newspaper; where mamma used to place her spinning wheel, and papa used to sit there too, and read in the great arm chair.

It was there where you used to read fairy tales in your childhood, folded all so snug, and warm, and cozy, in its great warm lap, while the wind of a winter's night was whistling without. Your favorite plum cake was never so sweet as when eaten there, and the stories you read by the sitting room fireside were never half so fascinating as those read in the chimney corner.

If you were sad you went there to cry.

If you were merry, you, with your brothers and sisters, nestled there to have a right merry time. Even puss and the house dog loved the old chimney corner.

Look back to the old house, where every room, every nook is so full of pleasant recollections—the family sitting room, where were so many happy meetings; your own chamber, with its little window, where the sun came peeping in at morn; the servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the monkey his husband was to bring with him; but if he should find that he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to be back in two minutes! Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks at the alcove, and while the fore-finger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand, he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you are a dead man!" He drags by the foot into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum of money home to her. He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he most loved, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment, recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting of presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I am too much worn out."

She had no protection, no aid at hand—Her husband was not to return till eight at noon, and it was now only half past six. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the monkey his husband was to bring with him; but if he should find that he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to be back in two minutes!

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"No, sir, I will attend to everything myself. I know my husband would not be pleased, if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find a good supper ready."

"Does not madame require my help here, as she generally does?"

"No, sir, I will attend to everything myself."

"I ought to have remembered to have it got ready for supper. Go down stairs, and see about it at once."

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**FAIR OF THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.** The fair of the Siege of Gen. Sherman has been held with great success at the city of [REDACTED] and right importantly. It left Mem- [REDACTED] with a well appointed army—a force which at kept inactive for months, and which at opportunity of an offensive war—was accompanied by a fleet under a gallant leader, which indeed accomplished all it immediately required to do—the attack Halle's bluff, while the army disengaged the Yazoo—and was present to assist in embarkation of the defeated forces, there- [REDACTED]ing the army from further serious loss, annihilation.

The plan of the attack was well laid, but it [REDACTED] concentration. There were men, made- [REDACTED]d all necessary adjuncts to ensure suc- [REDACTED]

The time of the attack seems to have [REDACTED] unflinchingly chosen, because the co-operating [REDACTED] men were not ready or were delayed from [REDACTED]ing with Gen. Sherman. The general plan [REDACTED] contemplated the cutting off of rail- [REDACTED] communication on the West by the Texas [REDACTED]ed by Gen. Hovey or General Steele; the at- [REDACTED] of communication with Jackson on the by the alliance of Gen. Sherman; the at- [REDACTED] of the flotilla from shore, and the co-op- [REDACTED] of Gen. Banks and Admiral Farragut [REDACTED]

From practical considerations it ap- [REDACTED] that all those essentials to a successful at- [REDACTED] were unattained. To the General, [REDACTED] with the destruction of the railroad [REDACTED] of Vicksburg either failed in his mission [REDACTED] resulted so importantly as to have no di- [REDACTED] bension on the main movement. General [REDACTED] himself failed to sever railroad com- [REDACTED] with Jackson on the East and there- [REDACTED] exposed himself to the combined attack of [REDACTED] the forces stationed at that place and at [REDACTED] Gen. Banks and Admiral Farragut did not arrive in time to co-operate, be- [REDACTED] probably, they had to concentrate their [REDACTED] and pass Port Hudson. Admiral Far- [REDACTED] agut had no coal; the fuel for the boats being placed on transports, which de- [REDACTED] of sufficient escort, were captured by the [REDACTED] my en route. The fatalities attending the [REDACTED] seem not to have ended even here, the attack was determined upon and the had penetrated to the heart of the ene- [REDACTED] position the gallant charge of Gen. Halle's [REDACTED] gate was made of no avail, for want of [REDACTED] and after a hand to hand bat- [REDACTED] of over two hours, the brave men were [REDACTED] to fall back from a position which, could [REDACTED] have held and been properly supported, old man had decided the fate of the day in our [REDACTED]

There was an army of less than forty thou- [REDACTED] sand men engaged in a position which placed a [REDACTED] in their rear—at Halle's bluff, not yet re- [REDACTED] ed; an enemy to the left, at Jackson—and front, at Vicksburg. The railroad communica- [REDACTED] between Jackson and Vicksburg was cut, and bodies of troops could be mustered at [REDACTED] place as circumstances might require.— [REDACTED]

A band of braves was hurled against almost [REDACTED] fortifications, without adequate sup- [REDACTED] port, and it is a matter of surprise that even [REDACTED] regiment escaped in safety.

There appears, then, to have been gross mi- [REDACTED] management somewhere, and so far as we are [REDACTED] advised, it seems to rest in a great meas- [REDACTED] ure upon Gen. Sherman. The attack appears [REDACTED] to have been ill-timed—by far too precipitate, [REDACTED] efficient latitude was not given in the calculations for the movements of the co-operating [REDACTED] forces. Gen. Sherman is sup- [REDACTED] posed to have known of the rapidity of move- [REDACTED] ments of forces under his immediate command, [REDACTED] he could have calculated upon the [REDACTED] in a given period. He had, however, an [REDACTED] competent knowledge of Gen. Banks' move- [REDACTED] ments, and until positive of his immediate co- [REDACTED] operation should have waited. Possibly, he [REDACTED] is anxious to secure himself all the glory of a [REDACTED] possibly successful attack.

By this time, it is probable, Gen. McClellan had been reinforced by Gen. Grant's army, and had received the general sent to operate to the West of Vicksburg, so that there is at least a concentration of forces. He has, it is reported, gone to renew the attack at another point, and in this, it is to be hoped, will be suc- [REDACTED]

The moral effect of this defeat should be counteracted by a speedy and triumphant capture of Vicksburg, at whatever cost of time and treasure.—N. Y. Cons. Adm.

The Hon. Albert C. Greene, for nearly half a century prominent in the public councils and at the bar of this State, died in Providence on Thursday of last week, in the 72d year of his life.

From a tribute to his memory in the Providence Journal we extract the following:

"Gen. Greene was the most popular man of our State."

He was a brother of Nathaniel Greene, of the Revolutionary army.

After pursuing academic studies, he read law in New York with the Chancellor Kent, where he was admitted a practitioner. Afterwards, he returned to his native State, and commenced the practice of his profession in East Greenwich. In 1822, he was elected Speaker of the House of Repre-

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